

One Last Lutz by GallifreyGod

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Summary:

Joyce knew the moment that Hawkins began to build it's ice skating rink that her boys would beg to go. Neither of them knew about their mother's figure skating career that ended in a tragic fall in '66. She had attempted to pull off a sequence she knew she couldn't do, busting her knee and killing her career. She attempts to try it one last time, not realizing that her old skating partner and current fiance was watching her.

This otp prompt was on tumblr but for dancing. Put my own twist on it :)

One Last Lutz

Author's Note:

The song is "a Thousand Years" by The Piano Guys. I know it's not a song from the 80's but it was part of the prompt. Please listen to it while reading.

I also know that I didn't incorporate a step sequence and that is simply because I rushed this omg. Plus, sorry if my terminology is rusty.

It has been the day Joyce was dreading since her teen years. She knew her children would eventually ask, she knew she would have to take them, and she knew she would have to relive old memories.

When word got around to Joyce about the new ice rink going in on Powell and Main, she knew her kids would be elated. As construction finished up and the boys had caught wind of the new building, Joyce could feel them getting closer to asking her if they could go.

Then it happened. Will and Jonathan had come to her, pooling their change for tickets over the past 6 months and begged her to take them. She couldn't disappoint them by saying 'No' and she couldn't give them the reason why she wanted to refuse.

So she dug out her old Riedell's, shocked when they still molded to her feet like they did in her teen years. She thought about Hopper for a moment as she unlaced her boots.

They had been skating partners since the age of six before Joyce took the fall that ended her career. When Joyce decided her blades would never touch the ice again, Hopper had decided he would never skate with someone else again. They lost touch as friends but less than a year after Will's second battle with the Upside Down, they had both realized their feelings carried further than friendship. But that's a story for another day.

She wondered how her fiancé would react to her skating with the boys. He was there on the sidelines of the ice with her when the back

to back quad of her routine had sent her on her knee. She had fallen so hard that she had come close to cracking the ice but she had shattered her kneecap.

As the boys had begged her to hurry, she grew more anxious with each moment passing. After scribbling a quick note on a pad of paper for Hopper, she left with the boys.

'Gone Skating'

The car ride there was a nail-biter for Joyce. Each moment passing she saw more and more cars of Hawkins residents heading towards the new rink stadium.

The place was jam-packed, just like Joyce had feared. Would people remember her fall? Would people recognize Joyce Byers as Hawkins own Joyce Porter, the skating legend?

She received several confused stares, but she wouldn't know because she kept her eyes glued to the ice. She trained her eyes to only watch Will and Jonathan, who not so surprisingly already had amazing skill. It was in their genes.

The scraping of blades on ice and chilly air through the rink was giving Joyce nostalgia. Her fate had lied in the ice almost 19 years ago and she was right back in those steps again.

People around the rink were leaving as it neared towards closing time, eventually leaving only the three of them.

"You ready to go, Mom?" Jonathan asked as he was carrying an obviously sleepy Will in his arms. Joyce didn't realize she was alone on the ice until she heard her son calling for her.

"I'll be right there, go ahead and get Will in the car." Joyce replied. As the two boys left, Joyce skated over to the Juke Box at the end of the rink.

"Pick your theme." The box read. She scrolled through it until she found the exact song she had lost everything to. "For old times sake." She whispered as the song began to play.

Hopper could hear the song playing as he walked into the stadium, he knew it could only be Joyce. As he stood on the sidelines of the ice, he watched Joyce perform like it was her calling.

Her routine's first jump was the softest Axel Hopper had ever seen as the piano music flowed. Her feet knew the routine like a second mind as she pulled into a double salchow. The piano and violin song sang of sadness as Joyce moved from her simple dance sequence and into a triple Lutz, her signature move.

She soared around the rink with elegance and grace. She felt like she was back in that exact moment, black and red glittering leotard flowing behind her while her hair bounced on her neck.

Joyce's serpentine pattern turned into a camel spin which transitioned into a Biellmann spin with the elegance of a ballerina. Hopper felt his heart constrict as he knew Joyce's more complex sequence was approaching.

As the music reached its bridge, Hopper held his breath and watched Joyce.

She began to hydroblade on her skates, pulling into a catchfoot layback spin. Her layback spun her around eleven times before she moved into position.

"This is suicide, Joyce." Hopper whispered under his breath as he watched her brace herself.

She was the first person in Hawkins who could pull off a quadruple back to back jump sequence. Joyce let the music take control of her as she executed the first of her sequence; spinning into a triple axel. As her blade hit the ice she pulled herself into a triple toe loop.

She felt her heart beat even faster as she remembered her fall. This would be the exact moment her knee hit the ice in '66. Without missing a beat, she moved into a triple salchow, landing perfectly before finishing off the sequence with the best Lutz she had ever jumped.

Joyce's breath was ragged as she realized she had perfectly pulled off

the jumps that killed her career. She cried as she moved into a sit spin, circulating another eleven times. As the music ended, she moved to the center of the rink.

She felt herself double over and cry. Joyce glanced at the door where she saw Hopper standing with the proudest smile on his face. She didn't even remember skating towards him as she collapsed in his arms. He gripped her into a crushing hug as Joyce sobbed into his jacket.

"You did it, baby, you did the jump." Hopper whispered as he fought back his own tears. "You did the jump."

Author's Note:

I always wanted to learn how to figure skate, but I have no muscle tone in my legs so it's only a dream for me right now. When I can walk properly again I'm going to learn how to do it instead of watching Figure Skating all day lol..

Duffer Bros own the characters, you know the drill.